

CROSS WHITE

Music only edition: music for music's sake

Do you like MUSIC? We Love Reviews!

2 Shows dozens of
songs, including:

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50/50 GENDER REPRESENTATION IF WE INCLUDE
AUTHOR AND GIRLS DRINKING BOX WINE IN
DUMBSHIT VIDEO

A Fucking Beatles Reference

Music, Music, Music!

Ready, steady...

FORMAT → COLUMNS → WHITE
DIVIDING LINE → 2mm → OK LET'S
GOOOO!

LIBRE OFFICE LIBRE MUSIQUE

ALL MUSIC EDITION!

DUMBSHIT – cheap squashed cake at IGA, I want to be a rock n' roll star (but didn't get far), and my housemate is a fuckwit

Dumbshit is a delightfully, hilariously detail-attentive self-piss-take derrospolitation band with not ONLY bogan characatures (because that would be *shit*) but derro to the next absurd level to scare any socially anxious teen or middle class churtling office worker away in classist fear OR feel they have special, fearless insight into the actual grossly exaggerated nature of common portrayals of bargain bin, overrepresented-in-centrelink low socio-economic citizens. Aw yeah they *do* run you over in their '82 Commodores, “you fucking cunt” is like a blanket spell that repells danger, the only card these sub-literates pull apart from an appeal to pity. DUMBSHIT, I believe, exists only on youtube or the Melbourne CBD with a money-collection kind of thing in front of his home made Chinese-sounding instrument. DUMBSHIT has a hat with DUMBSHIT written on it and novelty toilet sunnies, which look a bit like some cute bunny ears at first glance. Plus, a fluoro vest which is viably actually his half-arsed Work For The Dole uniform. The cake in the IGA, the cheap squashed cake, is exactly the right cake for the song of that name. I'm no youtube schill so I won't make you go watch it, just someone go download it and sneak it on to torrents. Then chuck \$2 in the guys collection bucket, offer him a place to get away from his housemate, who is a Fuckwit (another song). Surprisingly real and delightful for novelty type songs. Assured: DUMBSHIT is an endearing punk, not Chris Lilley or any of that.

TONI BASIL – MICKEY

Is this Blondie? She has brown hair. Who cares though. Pretty catchy. I dunno or don't care about

Mickey and I don't think she does either and that is great, because I don't want to have to care. It's an alternative to those ad jingles getting stuck in your head and it's cheerleaders, the prima donna punks of the sporting world, as stereotypes would tell you. Just want to dance in some robotic, controlled spasmodic power. *Hope* they're cheering for nothing. Hard core nihilists. Kooool I guess. Or just nothing. Yeah forget it.

KITCHEN'S FLOOR AGAIN -

Get ready everybody for I have had a sneak preview of Kitchen's Floor's new song or single or album preview or whatever sounds more professional. But you know what it doesn't work that way, sometimes it's just a plain old song being fleshed out or calculated, totally raw like that, which you love you wonderful people, of course. This song is gorgeously bleak and the only evidence of Matt Kennedy having grown up one bit is the lyrics have progressed beyond pained shouting about romantic mishaps or not paying the rent on time, as there is some kind of abstract thought going on here. Oh and the fact he hasn't *given* up. Does it compromise the endearing blunt rawness and simple, almost singalong relatable appeal of his old work? Well it gets stuck in my head already and not quite, still the same double meaning laden fewly-worded poetry here and more pertinent to my current situation than any of his sad boy, derro male paradoxical authoritative-pathetic beltings. Where's Matt meant to go after all that, anyhow? A party? I dunno. Less 'party' than ever except maybe in the 'sea of deadshits', or no, just the one or two deadshits left over, having an all-nighter. They really could win the Battle of Brisbane with that endurance. Could they? I dunno Matt, I dunno what you're saying but I'm sure Brisbane will help me out once you get this live and your devotees worldwide give their 2c. Sure of one thing, iz gut. Matt is loved forever.

KIM WILDE – Kids In America/ ANGREA TRUE – War Machine

Kim Wilde I not sure sure about, finding a couple 7 inches from a Paddington op shop, thinking she was this Channel 9 Love You Brisbane indent star and also maybe the singer of from metal/power pop video called War Machine (who

was actually a porn star) posted in an obscure media forum by a mystery internet man (who is some academic type and troll from Melbourne). I could actually just make this about War Machine by Andrea True. Dunno if it's actually her singing in front of that American Flag there hiding behind all that VHS decay but her voice is strong, generic riff, strong as that pinched-midriff navy uniform she's wearing. What's 'strong' matter here, for a porn star, you know? Well, I dunno, I been concentrating on writing. Whoa, it's like her voice morphed into a cosmic guitar solo. Aha, back to the standard riff. I bet if I switch windows, it'll be that flag again. Oh nope, hah, deadpan face expression and END ALL WARS cry like she's fucking tough, she could take whatever it is they face out in battle. Face is surrounded by blonde perm fuzz, red lips, totally long face. Does she mean it? Does she feel? Who cares. The idea that she MIGHT care might, make an impact on all you men. The time has come, to end all wars and she's gonna MAKE it end whethr you like it or not idiot.

I want to talk about Kim Wilde still, who was on the guy Kevin from Meantime's wall who I mentioned before. Cause she's hot, or? Well, she's not exactly WILD (or O. Wilde). Not sure. She seems really nice, actually. Like she's smart in a reserved kind of way and finds the whole fame ordeal alternately amusing and nerve-racking. None of the stony porn star. She's on an elusive notch between mediocrity and total pop star, which feels very wholesome. There's even a hint at her being a manufactured parody of her contemporaries in Kids In America – is it a clever parody or an accident on the production line? Her biker/rocker costume isn't sealed with a taut-faced coolness, she laughs nervously but seems to harbour a down-to-earth intelligence, goes off-note sometimes and a top comment for a live TV performance is, "They all look like they're coming down from a 24hr session on MDMA or Coke". Good. See the seedy side.

Everybody else is talking about some kind of pop culture reference which is somehow related to this song. This means the song royalties were cheap and I am very glad Kim Wilde seems spared the intensities of the olde rock industry. Got to plant her seed of skepticism about American suburbanisms, trusting strangers, and I

dunno, what seems like a bunch of inane parodic pop songs. She is gorgeously British, as a counter-point to the serious stuff of the 80s. I suppose so. Not that nationality matters. Guess I've gotten convinced over a longer amount of time than the average pop hit takes. I like her.

Aye. Ah, I want tae go t' Great Britain paticularleh Scautland. Ah have tae find ta Moneh or some shite ahahm drunk alsough. No fckn joke tho.

Ah tauld mah m8 ah'd go see er in Laundon wen she caem here. Dunnae ahm gonnnae persist in these reviews leik... Alrght, no knee jerk reviews for the related youtube videos coming on now that suck. Something I'd taking notice of...

METALLICA

OKAY METALLiCA. YEAH FUCK YEA IM GONNADO IT METALLICAAAAA. DO I HAVE THE GRIT, THE PERSISTENCE TO FORM A CONSTRUCTIVE OPINION ON THE BIGGEST METAL BAND ARGUABLY, TO EXIST? TO PERSIST? WELL WHAT CAN I SAY THANK YOU THANK YOU. ALRIGHT CUT SCENE TO CUTE PICTURE OF ME IN 80S CLOTHES WITH CUTE LONG HAIR. AHA MAYBE SOME REHAB. I DRUNK NOW. AH NEVER CARE WHAT THEY SAYYY NEVER CARE FOR WHAT THEY DOOO NOTHING ELSE MATTERS! AND YANNO IT MEANS WHATEVER YOU WANT, YOU KNOW. APPROVED BY ADORABLE SCANDINAVIAN DAD WHO IS CLEARLY OF A MORE CIVILISED, CULTURALLY EGALITARIAN, INTELLIGENT PERSUASION THAN ANYBODY. ALSO STUFF ABOUT DEATH BUT NOT TOO SERIOUS SO IT'S NOT ABOUT SOME DEADSHIT IMPULSIVE, EMASCULATED, TEENAGE SUICIDAL SHIT. THEY BELONG TO THE MASSES, TO THE MODERN WORLD, TO POWER AND FAME AND DON'T KNOW NY BETTER THAN YOU OR I BUTNOTHING ELSE MATTERS. SAND MAN DREAM, HEAD BANG, I DUNNO I'M SCATTERD BUT METALLICA SUM TOUGH GUYS. BUT THE GOOD GUYS, YEAH.

_/_m/_/_ No, really, they deserve some consideration as the *prime* metal band. I listened to Enter Sandman despite the Napster destruction

seeming like some entitled rich guys but it's not 1999, or 2009 any more and they stuck it out like Mark E. Smith but showing their goofy American teenage flaws like everyone else and plus, likely in dedication to their old bass player who died in a tour van accident in Scandinavia. I don't know what dedication means, when it's fuelled by a dead man but there's some beauty here if you can look through the confusing, possibly vainglorious confusion of their conveyer-belt rapacity delivery of videos, documentation, irony (?) and ah, I guess childlike playfulness which could be genius strategy, I'm not sure? Me the child, can't get on on their game so much as these metal men can. But they use their Metal Man status as family men and men doing a job, which softens it a bit, but it's Dad rock all the same and I'm a girl. Eek I dunno. But the dead man, who can offer no fear, no discipline, watches over them with grace and wisdom, it seems. I can't put any words in Cliff Burton's mouth as he wasn't saying anything in these last albums but Metallica, I can say, know a few things; death, business and basic decency. And the good 'ole pisstake. I did it! I wrote about Metallica! I still fear them, though. *Metallica*.

SEPULTURA

Now, I got a theoretical shot gun to the head saying that I enjoy Sepultura more, from one of those true 90s Metallica fans planted in post-Nirvana angst, me this stupid younger person saying HEY THIS *SOUNDS BETTER*. It kind of does, if you just want to move around know what your real enemy is, or just imagine it for a few minutes. I don't know who Sepultura are. They probs don't know who I am, and if I liked a bunch of stuff about Biotech which they might've read off some conspiracy site (probably) or a Sao Paulo activist squat on a 40th floor ghetto. Or are they just energetic dancing types from Rio? Maybe they joined Dilma Rousseff fighting a class war, then performed as a World Cup opener? Could just google it. Going to, instead, wipe the history of their questionable political statements off and think of their actual urgency as legitimate socio/political subjects. ROOTS BLOODY ROOTS. See that there? They've got ROOTS. Can't just sample some pop star across the big capital-infused country, they got really lucky. Maybetheir Dad's are Colombian cocain

lords? THE FUCK though, see what prejudice they put up with? Their actual hardness, their positional vulnerability? Their non-advantage? They sound great because there's nothing to do except dance, they didn't most likely grow up on so much vicarious TV gratification like Metallica and evil imagery-sampling cartoon dorks, they want the real urgent antidote: to DANCE. Move. Antidote, what's That? Antidote for what? Well, none of youse know. 'Alienation', I guess. Metallica is a callous, Sepultura raw but made tackier and vulnerable due to geopolitical position, cultural imperialism and all that. I dunno about the others, I don't care, they're all Standard Metal TM just a bit of fun (the Big 5, I guess) with the same basic pisstake slash suicide prevention comic book wank-fuel for emotionally out-of-sync barely-civilised peoples (but still can be VERY 'civilised' in encouraging rational detachment in a good or a kind of sinister spectre of old fashioned enlightenment slash autistic reservedness, lots of GEEKS [but also geeks saved from utter degradaation]) Sepultura, you know, offers a segue into a purpose that is genuinely counter-oppressive and not as much a naïve self-affirmation for the inept, B- underdog of white male heirarchy. What purpose? What're you meant to do about these guys being forced out of their Roots Bloody Roots by European imperialism and businesses commanding land destruction as beautiful men watch these machines tear through from a stroke of a pen? I don't know! That music's something, at least. The urgency to say something specific, that ended up wrong and compromising their art doesn't convince me that they're any less intelligent than these other metal bands. THINK about PROPAGANDA. So, Metallica (and the other more dorky metal dudes) are pretty nice (I guess), guided by dead friends and world-leading geo-socio-economic paternal opinions and also just a general understandable mastery of the ennui, I mean, discontent of modern masculinity, I mean a kind of tame leadership that is comforting as well as firm, but Sepultura, well, their authority is compromised by their foreign attempt at international, English-dominant attention-seeking, yes? You are foreign, 'developed' person. You know what the *business* is. They, they try to tell you stuff that puts your place into question, in your language. Yeah, and not, as the originators. Oh dear, the appropriators.

What's it take to make you listen, to see the source of your silly office earphones Metallica mediation minutes and your Made in some, low wage servile working-class country t-shirts? Oh, you know Sepultura gave it a good shot. No-one doesn't like Propaganda, Roots Bloody Roots, Refuse/Resist, you know which were probably the deciding factors for some people deciding whether to study sociology or, join the Young Liberals. Or, subscribe to Russia Today or the BBC. Yeah, who knows. Probably best not to mess with blatant politics too much but it's important, some people will look silly and out of touch because you little aesthetic curator, wants a real classic and not a foreign knock-off. Let's look at the actual videos for a second: HA fckng hippies, marijuana sticker. Oh SHIT this is FUN. No Zolof antidepressant ad here. High teir, just above Metallica's consistently GOOD output, a mainstream standout exception for sure, by a bunch of fuckups (not WORSE, just fuckups by cultural/economic position) couldn't afford any 40 grand therapist salary or care for it, they have what is at least a half baked idea of what is WRONG with them besides *them*. Or perhaps, full baked idea given that crass cannabis leaf guitar sticker on that guitar. I dunno, I have no biochemical clinical judgement. That's a *nothing*, that sticker. Ha ha, Lou Reed, now that's a statement accessory.

Ahhh, Okay. Ratamahatta. Favelas are Brazilian slums, there is a XXX sign on one of them, and some kind of ominous masked character haunting these claymation-looking people. Someone in the comments section says, "Reminds me of Tool's music videos :D" So is it, a brand appraisal of their overall aesthetic contrasted with the dominant corporate successes of the day? Made into this stoner-gratifying thing? You know, weed can contribute to psychosis, as can sleep and food deprivation and suffering in general, so this statement of bleakness isn't necessarily some stoner eaque-target-for-marketing BS you might have a reallly limited tolerance for. Say, in reserving it for Tool. I'd like to research this bane a bit more, as you spoon-fed English-native metal-reclusives haven't, and my spoon-feed counter-cultural naivety might need some dignifying lest I be all "eyy it sounds heavy an dheaps kool". Fuckgin Rage Against the Machine fan status excuse for a power-possessing native

colonially-raised white person. Yur 20 year old sedan has a Metallica seat cover, fine but not too impressive. Sure there was some impressive thought there. I'd be proud. Where from there? Brazilian street riot, Western drunk yarn to apathetic detachable workers.

Me? Where do I get this intuitive bent towards rhythmic, heavy metal over energy-demanding, cute dumb-smart shredding-in-a-private-jet? You're the wise ones. I'm the naïve, impulsive, healthy one. Oh you're not exactly *stolid* as far as I can tell. Just, Sepultura is what a Brain on rice n' beans and raw naïve compassion feels like, I reckon. We'd beat you in the pit, yammering away in boxing training. Go to work, Metallica. We're scattering to the mosh pit or the future-deciding street protest. We don't know, you know. Who even cares, you silly men. I do, but I'm a faux-naïve yammerer. Hey, I know Metallica too. Sepultura's got my body, though. It's a supreme privilege to like Sepultura first, abominably healthy. Can baret write the rest of this. Not complete without a counter-balancing ode to Metallica as smart depressedbtlonely - ohhharg hh shiittt SEPULTURA

NEXT

STILL Sepultura.

Aha YAY I want to go and visit the OCCUPY camp :D After I head bang and dance in my room of course. Aw nah.

FARK

New level of meta: no desire to document mundane shit. I WAIT. LISTEN.

(that needs elaboration? The new level of meta? Forget it.)

Folk metal? And FB feed. Last few minutes. Cant neglect folk metal from Europeans. But seedier because it's a white guys whose lyrics are questionable in their relation to a certain political ideology. Ooh the raw heaviness. Drawing me in libidiously.

Nah I can neglect folk metal from European white guys. Wait. Listen to Sepultura. Now, later,

othermusic.

I won't pass out, that's one thing. Oh, I might. That's an honest, not merely entertaining thing. Is I pass out, there no more reviews. It matter, though? If I go to pub, I meet definite appreciator. Unless I go to pub and nobody cares. Ugh. Now who else? This is sending ME to sleep.

- The Drunk

ALTERED IMAGES – I COULD BE HAPPY + HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Sonically NZ 80s jangle bells pop with more grit than romance. She's probably full of HP sauce, margarine and lager, not Grandpa's lamb chops and uni student cider. Aint Poetry books from Dunedin junk shops on the greenery, this girl's just living the reality of the disjuncture of image vs. real life. The romance of the art is sardonic, disturbingly fragile, almost annoying in it's sweetness. Story was, she got in some accident which deformed her face and all that dollish perfection is layers of caked on disguise. She is pretty, on the TV, and was once a very standard, petite beauty without the Altered Image – if you get past the somewhat annoying cutesy charm, you see that the structure of the lyrics blows away the sad boys in terms of demonstrating a sensible, socially useful escape from self-centredness. "If they were me, and they were you.... Happy birthday! Happy birthday!" Teaching basic empathy for the public good. What makes me uncomfortable is that this lyrical focus away from the self, when combined with the cute, breathy voice and pretty dancing, somehow gives the superficial impression that this music is less deep than sad boys airing their sad stories and poetic pontifications. I had to think about this one. Maybe their singer Clare Grogan is somebody I'd identify if I was smarter, more mature? Maybe I want her to take the makeup off, be ugly, have a deadpan voice, out of some kind of tall poppy syndrome, a kind of schadenfreude, a selfish self-soothe? If The Bats feel like a Block of Wood, Clare Grogan showed herself as a block of wood. In a complex way. Being complex can be self-gratifying, too, even if it's commenting on some social/cultural issue. She got to be very pretty, famous, in some kind

of proto-Myspace image deception where fragility and narcissism merge – BUT this is an early 80's scottish act on Countdown, Old Grey Whistle Test and so on, placing it next to punk and all the social strife of the time. Take away the vigor, take away the sex, the cheap rebellion, see this little girl astutely commenting on media deception, exploiting it for herself, not giving you the gratification of validating your little problems or showering you with overt misery porn. Still a bit proto-Myspace, a bit tinny sounding, lonely together strengthening music. How lonely? Not sure. She's pretty skeptical/ironic about getting away and being happy, though. Like far away from happiness, I dunno maybe, nice song though. Some nice girl with nice friends.

CHRIS KNOX

Don't wanna appeal to cuteness and personal tragedy, I want the kind of assurance that comes from firm story telling, still beautiful, still critical, but not sucking me in and then making me puzzle, you know? So much of art's like a private joke or smug riddle where you don't know if they're being pretentious or really saying something except that you *should* know, you *should* figure it out. It's okay if it doesn't make sense, because nothing makes sense to everybody, but you have to show you care and believe in the audience in some way and you're not just trying to be artistic or mysterious for the status and power. Chris Knox wants to tell you things with great urgency. Also without vanity, because he's just one guy talking to you at the pub or at the beach barbecue, kids running around, planted in some New Zealand reality of work and fresh air. Smiley and vigorous, thought and feeling – you know, political statements as *thought* but avoiding dogmatism or frailty (like an 80s album about the ozone layer wouldn't be able to). Actually, I'd listen to an 80s Chris Knox album about the ozone layer or something like that because he'd make it sound beautiful like he just picked up his guitar in content maturity, he's not obsessed with politics or his own personal emotions but he just pours out a cool rushing waterfall of Pocari Sweat, freshly peeled oranges, fairy tale stories, in front of a fire... It is lonely BUT who cares about the essential, abstract loneliness, fill it with music! He is the prime case

for the electric guitar being an expressive, emotion-laden instrument. It sounds like when you get out of numb routine. You'll stop and listen. Watch the heads turn in the street.

There's my abstract, my intro. How's he give this impression? Well I don't have evidence for him really being any of those things apart from the literal lyrical content of Not Given Lightly, which is a love song to his wife and kids, the actual subtle, nervous feeling of empathising with what it is like to do what I hear him do (click, click, tap, click, click, tap) that convinces me that his brain map is arranged in the way that gives rise to guileless, precious, nervous sentiment, and just the plain confident melody and singing voice that has been an amnesiac (edit: analgesic) for generations forever. A baby would like this. Every baby would like this. It seems to reflect a balanced view of suffering, innocence, passion – an apology for existence and observable failure to connect (*"When we're alone I cannot always face you, Maybe my mood won't let these arms embrace you"*), an acceptance of responsibility, and a summoning of all neurochemical, physical coordinates of brain and soul to make something rhythmically soothing out of the remnants of imperfect life. It's really the closest thing to the sublime. He's an outstretched man, passion transcending mediocre love songs through his struggle to pull to his wife *absolutely* together, and not just being a wife or a woman, but part of a constellation in a distant, beautiful, wonderful, lonely universe both outside and inseparable from himself, where her and the kids are the closest solar system AND this confusing, sometimes difficult mundane flesh right in front of him. She isn't just flesh, or ideas, or traits, though they are good. Or the kids. He sees the closest path to perfection, of universal unity, heaven that he can find. So, frustratingly small is your family, friends, partner but at the same time everything, the universe, and all that. Ah etc. etc. The magic is fading, as it does. Love becomes routine, snark, scaffolding, vain standalone objects for dumb reptile security...

THE CHILLS – HEAVENLY POP HIT/PINK FROST/ I LOVE MY LEATHER JACKET

This is perhaps like a little Chris Knox, working

on his rhythm, got something really pretty down, seeking the same wholesomeness, essentially, in a way that might be a bit foreclosed. He's still just sitting around saying "dum de dum dum" with a bunch of mates, showing off that he knows it's incomplete. It's him and his very abstract idea of the Universe and all the people within it. He's outstretched, very literally in the video, towards the world, but he doesn't have anything to *do*. He's not an adult yet. He snaps this into art, and worryingly, is possibly using his wit and poetic flow to be complacent in a vague, adolescent nihilism. Pushing a rock up and down a hill is some old philosophers metaphor of the ordeal of life, isn't it? Meaningless repetition? They're bouncing the rock around, playing with it, rolling it back and forth, in fertile empty landscape, waterfalls, beautiful scenes and beautiful boys lifting it together. The rock rolls without them in the first scene, actually. It's all a floaty kind of detachment. I don't want that floaty detachment and self-affirming romance. It's a bit better if you've got friends in it too, who have this odd sense of the meaninglessness, the limitations of the little disconnected objects around you and then find relief in mostly accepting it. Oh every *thing* is so small and disconnected, but everything can be so beautiful and connected and vast...

"I'm so bloated up, happy, and I throw things around me.

And I'm growing in stages, and have been for ages,

Just singing and floating and free."

It's empty, it's a self-admittedly frivolous pop song for the masses, it's over-general because he's climbed a creaky intellectual ladder to the clouds in his pretty little gang of mates, it seems. Chrix Knox's songs show social structure and responsibility to not just the poetry club boys, a generous *use* of this floaty romantic freedom. The Chills think about being captive to the very idea of being alive in the world, and describe an unstable, hypomanic relationship to it that comes across as tiringly adolescent, if you press 'repeat' too long. The song and video are also wank to a lot of people by default in being a group of four, thin, prime-of-life cooing hipster males in the countryside. Relationship to universe imaginary or inert. Freedom inert?

*"Yet their lives are elastic,
They should be fantastic,
They should be expanding..."*

Did they do anything to harness this self-admitted, bloated, deflatable infatuation with Life and Nature, Friendship, the Universe, All People etc. or frolick around without contributing to hopeful social fabric? Not sure. Maybe they're stuck in youth, nervous, salvaging the little morsels of beauty they can find. Children picking flowers. Relationships of theirs were severed cruelly, I should mention. Free floaty young people not knowing if they'll live or die or fully understand why they should be the first place, taking substances and dying, it was. I didn't know if the song Pink Frost was about real tragedy or was some kind of theatrical, fictional performance, but no matter, they know you or I most likely won't understand – but, they very kindly, like a slow, lyrical grandparent, share their story to whoever of the universe/all people who want it. Children rapt, the wounded or bored comforted. I take it, but I'll be very careful with it; there's nothing to *do* with it except dance to it or cry to it, dream in a tentatively escapist way and give them a nod, a hug, a dance for their/our loneliness. Can't over-indulge.

These big teenagers are also caught out loitering all in leather jackets, plugging away at their instruments with a prettified blues riff singing *I Love My Leather Jacket* again and again (and "*I love my vanished friend*"). That leering, sweaty face on top of that red star badge, I dunno, what's it all about? Yeah, the lyrics explain that the jacket has meaning because of a *relationship*, but it's still about the jacket, to me. The lyrics just about methodically explain to us exactly how some arbitrary, cold object in the arbitrary, cold world acquires definite meaning. I, too, could find some hope in vapid, isolated objects, linked to an experience of whatever bands do, or whatever I want to do. Your warm leather jacket reminds you of mortality and personal responsibility, you say. Well, my glass of water, I love my glass of water. My friend, my teacher, gave me a glass of water, and walked to the next room. This glass of water, is a symbol of my friend and my responsibility to relationships. Curse being alive, blessing being alive. Life oh

life. Ah walk with my glass of water. Look at my glass of water. Oh dear. I love my water glass. I love my water glass and my friend who bought me water. It feels empty but life oh life. Frail, isn't it... Ahh, it's not freedom or social responsibility, clearly. Self-centred intellectual-gesturing, in short. But somewhat excusable. And pretty. They're alright.

CHRIS KNOX AGAIN

...Is daring to inspire heartfelt discernment beyond the sartorial in *Get A Life, Not A Victim*, and likely any other related youtube video of his that I'm going to click. There's persistent evidence that Chris Knox takes that idea of responsibility very seriously. Not just responsibility to himself, to close people. Not so much through an obliging, far-away *idea* of the big picture, like in religion, hippie pop philosophy, or in intellectual forays into existentialism, socialism and what not either. Heavenly Pop Song etc. *wish* for everyone to come together under the closest universally appealing thing they've approximated, and "oh well" if they don't. It seems almost rude? Or coldly polite? Chris, on the other hand, is putting his prettiness on the line in earthly, fleshy, sometimes dorky songs. You can hear & see his soul stretching, face grimacing, thinking about other people. He's infusing their stories into his, painstakingly, affectingly, piling up to *some* heavenly pop song in the sky, some unknown one that matters to everybody else.

"What do we do with love?" He knows, just as well as The Chills, wonder and confusion, being lost. In his art at least, Knox shows the *learning how to care* side of that freedom/emptiness responsibility. Sorry, world, that I am so small, that I can't help and love all of you.

ORIGINAL SKINHEADS

I'm not a fan. You know I suck at being a fan. I'm working at being an agent. A social agent. It's no special agent, that is. I'm an ordinary, dislocated, half-socialised, discontented but not too fussy person at the prime of my life in a leading, overfed, overworked, over-busyworked/idle vast land and media network we call the Australia and the internet (and also planes and international

mail). What am I, if I'm not a fan? Well, I find something to do with myself in conjunction with my class, which is, if not *quite* working class, some other class. It isn't set out for you by your parents, clearly, if they had any sense to not clip on to the standard fare mediocrity with zeal. They got busy with being parents and got too sad to care about anything all that much, creating more like a blank neutral zone while putting in their 20th century 2c in every now and then, when you were at risk of *believing* anything too much like the malleable, systemically manipulated kid you were. So you drift on through, inheriting fragments and generalities called upon in conflict. Never as dominant as the super-fans, the real kitted out subcultural types, the geeks, or the divas.

The recourse there is ironic fandom, which is the most fan-like passive, superficially-engaged kind of pathetic fandom there is, unless it makes you do something funny that's out of the ordinary and inspires a bit of respect over bored disdain. The other recourse is learning how to care about and do stuff, which is going to be social if it's not something that's a really soft kind of, childlike or grandma hobby. If it's social then, it's not going to be a kind of sociability or communication that has your initiation into something alien as a requisite, as a lone student. Well, it might be, but you'd be learning business in a way. How tiring. Directing your social energies to ticking boxes of business etiquette protocol and getting paid in admission to relationships, types of food, ways of moving around. See, you're not quite 'middle class'. I speak 'middle class' as a second language, I suppose, both the 'left' and 'right' dialectics but I'm not at home. Ah, special snowflake, that gets me. Now, 'upper class' is kind of like nomad hippie, permanent dole self-interest with at least basic polite grace, if not camaraderie with a small network of friendly acquaintances and normal-high-iq-targeted mediafeed. I'm pretty civilised, I reckon. Yeah, minding your own business, being blasé about the rest of everything in the world except from your own little periscope on a well stocked ship (siphoned from public or private funds, no matter) is pretty easy, perhaps necessary if you're unable to relate to anybody except in a mutual agreement to be a little nice, keeping your raucousness to the hotel room, or hostel. And

define yourself in contrast to the faults of the mainstream. That is boring, it's all a bit boring after too long. It's been too long, seguing into this or that. Novelty high in pretending to be arrogantly individualist, an entrepreneur, a Worker, a Working Class unpretentious and so on wears thin. They don't even know, seemingly, how to stick up for themselves and make their own choices, let alone demonstrate something you could join in with over the long term. It's all a bit grey, looking over Brisbane. There are smiles, there are pleasant lattes and supermarket foods, parks and trees etc. in this bountiful land but even friends defined by public presence hang around like cockroaches. I mean socialise in the pattern of cockroaches. I don't even mind cockroaches. Someone said he sees NPC's (non-player characters) walking around, which I don't, but it makes sense in that nobody looks like an opportunity for that little reward centre hit in your brain when you find someone part of the game. I used to see more clues when I was a teenager, I think, like dark fringes, activist badges, band shirts, and then EVERY face in an attempt at universal benevolence, and then gradually less interest in people and more in architecture and more points of danger in a tunnel vision hike from point A to point B. Now I know there is possible reward when I go somewhere new, but I feel that mine and most adult's worlds are shrunken, flaccid. Many others moreso, due to my sometimes deranged, privileged hopefulness and their repeated letdowns or prior adolescent over-indulgence. Nothing to say out of abject mediocrity which is a mix of some form of pervasive, mild, masked psychopathology (as evil at that sounds to make it sound all medical – but this here is taking it away from the medical context) and lack of stimulation. There's no X button. Some of the tougher of us find some juvenile hacks & glitches and disembodied banter. Find the source code. My avatar has an 'open source' badge but is stupid. Like that Full Metal jacket guy, awaiting a chance to prove that he's actually better than the game. Now, this is a music only zine so, back to the skinhead thing: I'm not a *fan* of skinhead, and I'm not a skinhead, but I respect it foremost and enjoy it, with a cautious and self-respecting outsider interest, taking a drag on my cigarette (if I smoked) with good posture in my respectable, understated quasi-uniform. Get a group around

me with similar interests – real, necessary interests, not Game of Thrones etc. - and distinguish ourselves from the shaming classes with the courage and public consistency the fan merely gestures at. I wish. Destroy all the damned classes.

BEARDED LADY 5/8/2017



So I came aware that GIRLSUCK were playing there with a formidable lineup of West End Hardcore Crew (I hear) and somehow ventured by myself, tired on a Saturday night to be subjected to LECHEROUS GAZE, BLOODLETTER, KNIFER, and of course, the main attraction GIRLSUCK. I did hesitate for quite some time, weighing up the attractions of trashy Russian videos and eurovision and the slightly more expensive red box wine on offer (the Linkin Park cover band at Crowbar option being eliminated, being \$15) but I decided to do my job. My zine readership had been told, that next time, I would see Girlsuck. So, it is my job. West End for a second night in a row, eh? Ughh Harden up with some HARDCORE. The boozy sketchiness and lack of McDonalds or 24 hour servo (aka adult Safety Houses) in the vicinity made me more nervous than the prospect of a mosh pit, but anyhow. Moreso, I had an exciting idea: what if, I brought a fake knife and tomato sauce? What a laugh, bringing a KNIFE. Scanned over all the distro packaging debris to find the

right polystyrene and got to work. A beautiful, duct tape-handle, expensive graffiti marker silver weapon, resulting. Shoved them, a handful of tomato sauce packets and a bunch of novelty miniature recorders in my jacket. One of each colour, to give to any friends I might bump into, and maybe even play along. Make my impulse supermarket buy worthwhile.

The facebook event said that it might sell out, and it was \$10, which seemed a bit steep. Thought I may get away with watching/listening through the doorway in the narrow bar, or say I need to use the toilet which is upstairs as I am probably legally entitled to as a 'paying customer'. Also, I could use my printer, to print a card for a lanyard, that says I have a press pass. Worse comes to worse I could charm my way in by saying I play the recorder in Girlsuck, and they might see me and be very impressed, and, I could even take my shirt off to reveal my nipple-revealing ICE camisole. After all, I lived around the corner from one of their members as a teenager, without knowing it, so I could make up a convincing story. God knows, Girlsuck con, scam, and/or cry their way into rock n' roll lineups, as their facebook says, and presumably this lineup too. My act should work too. Plus none of the other acts piqued my attention much. And Girlsuck will be repaid in publicity. As well as the venue, for me using free toilet paper and general utilities (TP for TP). Well anyhow, I ended up paying the damn \$10 at the door, in great hurry as I was to avoid the distraction of wasted friendly acquaintances in the narrow front bar. Pushed into the throbbing hardcore sound and wasted human bodies to the toilet and acquired not nearly \$10 worth of toilet paper but quite a generous bundle. Every pocket, under my jacket, which now formed a sort of protective pillow. And down my pants, having forgotten my period in this drunken/hungover bender. It's nice in the toilet. I took a photo of my beer can on the toilet. Then examined my general profile, smoothed out the lumps in my clothes. I could hear the first band playing and I thought, it does not matter whether I saw one or the other PISSSHITDEATHHEARSERAPEKILLWHATEVER band, but I should go and investigate, not just base this review on some superficial impression. Plus dumb hardcore can be fun. I go back into the packed square room, almost

walking into someone's eye-level stretched earlobe and Cannibal Corpse shirt. We skip aside, laugh and apologise. I am benevolent to all humans. I look around, mildly buzzed for no good reason, swaying a little bit up the back like the average Brisbane punter, shy and half-arsed but, COULD get into this, maybe, just because, it's something to do while you're there listening to bands except swishing your hair or clutching your expensive drink or phone. Short chains of people push their way in and out of the crowd mid-set. Excuse me, excuse me. Same slack postures, one bent knee. But, there is an unusually large mosh pit today. Now, am I angry or passionate I dunno, maybe, but I think, there's a bit of guilt here for being a tourist if I do decide to unleash it in the pit. Nobody is thinking about me, though, and, damned if jumping around and shit is a culture you can own & steal, and I listened to a bit of hardcore back in the day. I don't know how much thought is in this at all, really. What I know is it's I guess better than going to the gym as it supports creative culture and fitness (more with the occasional vegan SXE merch). Still standing around, there is a no-doz tablet in my jeans pocket, which I rip out of it's foil with my hand in my pocket (bit of a fidgety operation) and nonchalantly eat it like a breath mint so it doesn't look like drugs. Get the last drop of beer down. Drop can, crush. Enter pit. Can't forget my problems like my cultural appropriation predicament so I slam all the harder into the half teen uni/tafe student looking crowd. Work off that ramen, kids. Felt stupid in two seconds, just gawked around jumping with the flow of it and said sorry to a few people whose toes I almost stepped on.

Now, ah I've been writing about myself a bit much. The bands? I dunno, how you'd imagine a hardcore band. Throbbing wall of sound, comfortably angry and cartoonish or pretentiously arcane. Actually, the show poster was a cartoon of a gorilla man in flanno, in some stereotypes red light urban district, with a tiny spiky-legged bandaid underwear lady on his shoulders. Pretty loose/Bgradehorror, not so much fake-arcane, teenage, polished Hillsong kind of hardcore. Didn't quite grab me, bit generic, but ah it's something. This band, happens to be Bloodletter and I dropped one of the tomato sauce packets when I was a bit more

to the side, acted like it was an accident WTF a sauce packet, and kicked it in a heroic side step happening to avoid feet shifting around it, avoiding a Doc Marten and a plodding red and black Globe skate shoe very narrowly. It rested near the stage, semi-sheltered. Got a glimpse of it once, still intact; my inside joke. It DID get stomped on, and as the set ended (two minutes of it, I'd experienced) two people examined a bloody-looking dark sock, said "Excuse me are you ok?" Saucy. I picked up the crushed saucy plastic gingerly, looked at people like "eww what grub would keep a sauce packet in his pocket? How random haha." And they went to the bathroom to go wash the sauce off. "So it wasn't *Bloodletter's* fault, ha ha." I said with effortless charm. These West End earthy-hardcore lesbians gratified my ego. Made the girls laugh. Take that, boys. Also, a staff member took the sauce packet to find the bin. Kind of them.

GIRLSUCK were on now. I was standing, right about the same point as where the person who posted a video of them on facebook was standing. What I could see was, Maxi's very indescribably impressive blonde mountain of bleached hair + hairspray, post-Myspace trademark artfully trashy free-spirited skanky-in-the-best-way, confident like little girls screeching around a cool parent's house after looting Mum's lingerie and party wear spanning from 1970 to now. Or *would* it be a cool parent's place? Maybe a mean Dad's? Now I guess there were lots of Lecherous Gazes there but I was too busy with half closed eyes dancing my own arse off to the urgent, abrupt riffs and intuitive drumming of Rhiannon the drummer. Maxi smashed a guitar also, pretty well even by rock n' rlll standards, that probably, a boy made, and went and bought for her, to be sacrificed by her. They perhaps are unsettling because, they are both an exaggeration of aspects of the sexualised capitalist, sexist mass-culture we grew up with and a challenge to it, but it's hard to tell to what extent, bit of a mindfuck. And they have tonnes of energy. Here is where I wrote a bunch of speculation about what it means to grow up as a woman or something, vaguely to do with the Gold Coast but I have yet to figure shit out. I am, so close, yet so far, from having experienced what Girlsuck is about, you know... Have to uh, know it in a different way, up close, maybe.

Ah ok, I need to add something thoughtful and sane before what's going to come; I'll retrieve some of the academic stuff, edited, here:

Actually changed my mind again, they've got their own manifesto on the internet, they don't need no-one like me.

Anyhow yeah yeah got the crowd pumping and I wanna tell you about KNIFER because, I went right in the middle of the mosh pit and almost chucked my 'knife' in the air. I was quite content at this stage to be kicked out during the KNIFER set for wielding a fake KNIFE but that did not make it a *saucy* enough story. I went to the toilet again, shoved the knife up my bloody paper-and-blood-caked vagina and bled to death then and there because I won't be as hot as girls like Girlsuck and I'm sexually repressed because of possibly an obscure psychological disorder (cultural virus?) and/or an childhood of a mix of religion and naïve, desperate mimicry of the girls on top 40 videos for elemental social acceptance, in supre mini skirts. And, if I don't shave my legs it does not look European chic. Nah it wasn't like that. I just, let period blood drip on the knife – which, was perfectly ethical given my lack of bloodborne infections, you vag-phobics, squeamish misogynists – and gently put it back in my jacket, not staining the outside. BUT. Paranoia set in, and this is incriminating evidence for those nosy bouncers. I don't want to waste my ploy here. I leave the knife on the floor and squeeze all the sauce on it. Scrawl “you asked for it Knifer, REVENGE” on the wall and, lucky/unlucky, someone's walking in as I am leaving the cubicle, and, I play like the fright they gave me was because WTF IS THAT. “Someone left a knife,” I said, “I didn't even realise it was fake at first haha”. OMG. I walk out really fast, pretending to be studying a text, ran to the cultural centre bus stop regretting that I again did not get to try King Ahiham's cheap Lebanese food. I left a beggar a mini recorder. I missed out on seeing if a Lecherous Gaze would settle on me as gurgling hardcore lyrics say “urghghg yeah id like to fuck her.” but who cares. Someone's going to wake up to a kind, unique gesture.

Feminist wormhole here you go:

Girlsuck can be said to represent the tension between the joy and angst of the lived experience of gendered mass culture in suburban alienation, which is characterised by predominantly patriarchal power relations (I guess) played out in consumption patterns and relationships and sexual dynamics (how I dunno, maybe their lyrics say). They are one part academic, and one part base, glittery post-Myspace brats. Role modelled is one kind of personal preference of compromise; eg. don't shave if you don't feel like it but wear whatever your youthful body desires. Girls suck. Girls suck boys, girls suck girls, boys suck girls, girls do what u want. And boys suck too

The supposedly family friendly and sexually understated acts can be lots more pretentious actually, like all these Rage videos, JJJ artists where there's a girl artist with top of privileged HS art class clothes, you know, all middle of the road, 'mature' eroticism that's still gonna contribute to drama but tangled in more Authentic Responsible Classy Girl pretension. That's not only more boring but maybe less trustworthy, like you're stuck up, naturally hiding how you're as money-tainted as the crass commercialised low brow pop – give me the real snotty impulsives or the burkas- No, no, that doesn't sound right. See, we can never get this right. This is all horribly vague, also (forgot what videos I'm thinking of). Maybe a little nasty. (can't judge, everything sucks).

It's very easy to be tolerant about other people's business and drift around ambiguously; more challenging to decide what to *be about*, what's deeply gratifying and intentional. I dunno about any coherent strategy towards political/economic/social objectives us good 'ism' gesturers want. I just don't know, not right this instant. Much less how everyday aesthetics, art and attitude fits into it. Being a girl the right way has always been a mindfuck. Maybe Girlsuck have some answers, I dunno. About an *alright* way, probably. I dunno, you're all alright... Having fun, all pretty innocuous I guess, at the least.

**NEW GLOBE THREATRE? FAT LUOIES?
OR PRINCE OF WALES I DUNNO**

I heard that a friend of a friend of mine was in a band called Cunt Offensive or Cunt Defensive. He had a heart shaped guitar. They played their last show and he slapped at it with a fish until it disintegrated a lot. He spotted a group of Valley girls up the back not there for the show even, maybe like a hen's party or something and thought, "Yes!" and flung the carcass at them. EW. It hit them.

Buranovskiye Babushki - Party For Everybody - Live - Grand Final - 2012 Eurovision Song Contest

Party for Everybody means EVERYBODY. Russian Babushka's, especially, with a rotating pizza oven in the middle of the stage. They remember in the middle of their dance that the thing must be done, one gets it out and holds it triumphantly. Electro pop grandma dance. Ah see, I get it, Girlsuck are a youthful indulgence. What happened to my allegiance with the geeks, the sick, the old, the sexually undesirable? Well, they have a place in the music economy, an important statement and outlet for a large portion of non-male people... Or males... Lots of different people... Alright enough about them. Enough down the social justice hole. Got the crowd pumping yeah. Or maybe the crowd really sucked that night. The show attendance was a lie.

What if I got to eat some of the Eurovision pizza, or whatever it was in that oven, and got to dance with the Grandmas? Why didn't we get to join in? Hmmm. Aw and what if we see Grandsuck, or Spinstersuck, Middlesuck, Octovagenarian or whatever Girlsuck may be in future? Cool. Live at Robina Tavern, smiling at your babies. Complimenting your hair, letting you in their taxi to Surfer's. Actually nah that's more likely to be me.

STRAPPING YOUNG LAD – CITY The adult world is very questionable anyhow

Alright I have to write about this or else it'll overcome me and I fear I might go into a twitchy, vacant stupid social detachment. What's this music meant to do except create a fake primitive warzone where you're perpetually stuck in that first warcry in some beautiful, airy, mountainy

landscape, numbed by adrenaline, except you're doing nothing but escaping instead of fighting. If I was stuck working at a supermarket forever I might listen to this all the time for escapism because you know, I enjoy heavy, technical shit. Least it's blatant emotion, unlike tool and all that. Maybe I'm listening to them all the wrong way though, with caution because the audience used to be my teenage self. Adults now, understand Strapping Young Lad better. The seriousness of the pain. Yes? Well, I feel like a teenager. If I had the powerlessness of a teenager, the forced drudgery of a school or work routine, the raw physical energy... Give me tacky computer heavy shit. Be a dork but forever in that coveted unfettered teenage caged frivolity. Yeah I could be a 35 year-old woman bouncing her legs up and down with massive noise proof headphones, in Aldi trackies. Because fuck you. Nah I want to do stuff – adult stuff. "This. Is High School Bullshit!" (in Devin Townsend the frontman's own words) Ah but, better a dreamy overgrown teen than a terse stuck up piece of shit. If you're actually a good person. Ah fuck it we need more metal in this weird political age, even worse is slipping into letting emotions snowball and destroy you when they're not entirely relevant to the people with influence anymore. Metal is faithful. Doesn't want to bring you down. Or up. But don't get carried away.